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Selected Poetry.

THE RIVER PATH.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

No bird song floated down the hill,
The tangled bank below was still.
No rustle from the birchen stems;
No ripple from the water's gleam;
The dusk of twilight round us grew,
We felt the falling of the dew;
For from us, ere the day was done,
The wooded hills shut out the sun.
But on the river's furthest side,
We saw the hill tops glorified—
A tender glow, exceeding fair,
A dream of day without its glare.
With us the damp, the chill, the gloom,
With them the sunset's rosy bloom;
While dark through willows vistas seen
The river rolled in shade between.
From out the darkness where we tread
We gazed upon those hills of God.
Whose light seemed not of moon or sun;
We peered not, but our thoughts were one.
We paused, as if from that bright shore
Beaconed our dear ones gone before;
And stayed our beating hearts to hear
The voices long to hear no more.
Sudden our pathway turned from night,
The hills swung open to the light;
There their green gates the sunshine showed,
A long, glad splendor downward flowed.
Down glade and glen and bank it rolled,
It bridged the limed stream with gold;
And home on piers of mist it lifted
The shadowy with the sunlit lifted.
"O, Father! let the light shine through!"
And the night came, still with dew,
O, Father! let the light shine through!
So let the hills of doubt divide,
So bridge with faith the sunless tide;
So let the eyes that fall on earth
On thy eternal hills look forth;
And in thy beckoning valleys know
The dear ones whom we love below!

EX-PRESIDENT DAVIS.

HIS RELEASE.

The last of the great State prisoners who were identified with the late Confederate States was released on yesterday, and there is scarcely a probability that he will ever be arraigned upon an indictment for treason. After two years' confinement as a prisoner of war, as President Davis, within a few hours after his rights as a citizen were recognized by a civil court, left that tribunal victoriously a free man, and the accusation of "treason" remains a moot question for historians and law-writers of future generations.

Nothing could have been more simple, orderly and unobtrusive than the fact of his release, which was effected by the military to the great writ of *habeas corpus* on yesterday, in the surrender of the person of ex-President Davis into the custody of the Marshal of the Circuit Court of the United States for this District. The proceedings admitted of no display, of no forensic fencing, of no arraignment of the illustrious prisoner, and of no great intellectual efforts of counsel, as in the far less important case of Mr. Burr. The whole case had been so carefully and skillfully managed out of court, that the members of the law worked without a discordant creak or jar. It came, with justice, he said that Underwood was guilty of any judicial impropriety, or that he manifested the slightest bitterness, discrimination or animosity towards the illustrious prisoner. His irrepressible rhetoric found occasional and inappropriate vent in eulogizing General Burton, but, as that gallant and humane gentleman merits for his kindness to ex-President Davis, all the compliments which can be bestowed upon him, we are not disposed to deal with the court as not disposed to deal with the prisoner as escape from Richmond without some sort of an oration we shall be greatly mistaken.

There was no opportunity for professional display, and of the powerful array of counsel for the prisoner, the work which was unavoidable, was all performed by Mr. O'Connor. By the service of the process of arrest, after the return of General Burton to the writ of *habeas corpus*, ex-President

Davis passed into the custody of the Marshal of the court. Mr. Davis, in the fewest possible words, announced that the Government was not disposed to proceed with the trial of this illustrious prisoner, and that he was at liberty to go. He presented merely the usual arguments upon which such applications are based. He complimented the humanity of the last military commandant of Mr. Davis, but in the most possible manner exempted the military from all blame for the treatment which General Burton had earned. The reply of Mr. Wm. M. Everts, the leading counsel for the Government, was despatched simply to pilot the court safely to the question of bail, and he took his seat, everybody saw that the case was victoriously and easily won, and the closing scenes in the trial of Mr. Davis were at hand. The effect of the scene was somewhat marred by a little technical sparring as to the residence of the securities upon Mr. Davis' behalf, but all was quickly settled by stating the line of becoming the securities for Mr. Davis' appearance when released equally between the North and the South.

There was a positive rush of solid and heavy capital to ensure Mr. Davis' release. The excitement was almost as great as it was in the trial of Mr. Davis. It was a large dividend-paying investment. Philosopher Greeley led off from the North, followed by a host of solid and responsible looking gentlemen from the North. A crowd of Southern "solid men" followed. A crowd of Northern "solid men" followed. A crowd of Southern "solid men" followed. A crowd of Northern "solid men" followed.

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Fall Account of the Richmond Riot.
The *Register* furnishes the following account of a serious disturbance which attended the Fireman's parade in Richmond on Thursday:

During the engine trial at the Basin on yesterday afternoon, Captain Charters of the Richmond Fire Brigade, while measuring the distance to which the Delaware engine had thrown its jet, was jostled from behind by a negro, whom he ordered to get out of the way—an order which, by virtue of his position, he had a perfect right to give. The negro replied by striking the captain a heavy blow on the back of the head, which prostrated him in the mud. A Delaware fireman who was standing by retailed by knocking the negro down with a speaking trumpet, and immediately afterwards the negro was arrested by Policeman Southall, and a white man supposed to be the party who struck the negro, was arrested by Policeman Southall.

The negroes present immediately commenced an attack upon the police. Revolvers were drawn, stones and brick bats hurled, and at the corner of High and Carey, the prisoner was torn by the mob from the hands of Mr. Southall, who struggled desperately, and pursued the negro, but was assisted by a large crowd of negroes, one of whom struck him on the shoulder with a brick, inflicting a very severe wound. He succeeded, however, in recapturing the negro, whom he was seized from behind by negroes, who held both his hands and attempted to deprive him of his revolver, when Sergeant J. B. Pleasant, coming to the rescue, drove off, temporarily, the assailants.

A running fight ensued on Seventh street, which the police marched the prisoner towards the station-house. The cry of "Freedom to the rescue" was raised, and from all quarters the negroes flocked to aid in the attack on the officers of the law. Stones and brick bats were hurled, and a furious, howling mob hovered around the policeman, whom they assailed with a continuous storm of missiles.

At the corner of Seventh and Broad streets another rush was made by the mob, the prisoner rescued for the second time, and Captain Jenkins, who had by this time come to the aid of his officers, was severely cut in the back of the head by a brickbat. The prisoner was, however, immediately re-arrested and carried to the station-house door, where he was again torn from the hands of the officers and borne in triumph up Marshall street, the vast crowd of negroes singing tumultuously along, yelling and shouting exultantly, crying "This is our country." "We've cleaned 'em out." "We've got 'em, and other exclamations of a similar nature.

The fugitive was pursued, overtaken, and at the corner of 8th and Broad streets again arrested, but hardly had he fallen into the hands of the officers before he was again torn from them and released, and succeeded in making his final escape.

During the melee a youth named Irving was assaulted by the negroes, and took refuge in Mrs. Bigelow's boarding house, on the corner of Main and 7th streets. The house was immediately beset by a throng of negroes, who endeavored to force an entrance, but were prevented by the police, who guarded every avenue.

A brother of the boy strongly resembling him in personal appearance, attempting to pass out, was seized by the negroes, who would have torn him to pieces but for the interference of the police, who with some difficulty, rescued him and bore him to the station-house for protection.

Although thus far successful in their outrageous defiance of the law, the negroes did not appear to be satisfied, but gathered in immense numbers around the station-house and on Broad street, and encouraged each other by giving utterance to the most incendiary and threatening language.

General Schofield being informed of the disturbance soon appeared upon the scene, accompanied by a heavy detachment of troops. Standing in an ambulance, he addressed the negroes, warned them of the dangers of the course they were pursuing, and commanded them to disperse and go home.

The troops were then ordered to clear the streets, and much against their will the negroes dispersed before the bayonets of the soldiers, threatening to divide into squads and "clean out Richmond to-night."

Beware of Her.—Our community should be on their guard against a white woman calling herself Mrs. Frances M. Gorkin, who is selling music through the land, and who is now said to be on her way to this place from Asheville, N. C. While our informant says nothing disreputable of the private character of Mrs. Gorkin, he intimates that she has a very unpleasant way of quarreling herself upon other people, and getting along through life by "living round" with the neighbors, whether they like the arrangement or not. She is a resident of Norfolk, Va., and her mother and daughter we learn, are very anxious to ascertain her whereabouts.—*Greenville Mountaineer*.

Plant Corn or Perish.

From all the information that reaches us, we are forced to the conclusion that the scarcity of food in this State—and probably it is equally so in Alabama and South Carolina—is becoming frightful. The announcement of "Xylon," published two days ago, is confirmed by interviews with planters in the surrounding counties, who assure us that, without immediate steps to supply the planters on a credit until the crop is made, intense suffering must be endured. On this subject, a writer in the *Georgia Citizen* says:—*Atlanta News*.

Sixty days will develop a state of affairs in Georgia that will paralyze the stoutest heart. Already is the daily cry heard, on the streets of the cities and highways of the country, "we can't go more than a week longer." And who is it that is making this and humiliating confession? It is the best farmers of our country—men who, five, three, or ten two years ago, banded their corn cribs, and housed and loaded corn cribs, and said, "I can't go more than a week longer." No, some of them can't go a week; they are out now—not a grain of corn, not a dollar to buy it with. And the question arises, where is it to come from? The answer is easily given: Some men, upon the strength of their reputation for promptness and reliability, will obtain it through their merchants at home; others of more extensive acquaintance and established responsibility, go west and obtain it there; and there will be a large class of respectable and good farmers who will fail to get it at all, and the abandonment of their last hope of a "farm" this year must come, and with it such a state of affairs as men better imagined than describe it. Some may ask, "why not make arrangements for all to obtain corn and money, at least to make this crop with?" And humanity, mercy, and every good sense and charitable, suggest and urge this; but there is neither capital, credit or confidence sufficient in the country to afford it. The demand is great and alarming, as well as increasing, and without the assistance of something like a great National Relief Society, the destiny for this year of many good and worthy farmers, is sealed, and sealed in mystery and suffering.

And this brings us to the point to be urged in this article. And it is for us all to do the best and most we can to encourage and assist the planting interest of our country. We must insist upon the farmers to plant corn. It is our hope and destiny. With them, we are merchants, bankers, doctors, and mechanics, must rise or fall. And what is their duty as men and Christians? It is to plant corn. It is not too late. Plant corn! Abandon now, before it is everlastingly too late, that ill-fated idea of "two-thirds cotton" and "one-third corn." Reverse the old fogy axiom, and plant corn. Yes, plant much corn and little cotton, for one year at least. "Two-thirds cotton" is abandoned. One year more of such policy will put you and the whole country where the west can't help you. It will put you where negro suffrage will have no terror for you. It will put you in the midst of a famine as intolerable as Radicalism itself. Will you plant corn and live, or will you plant cotton and perish?

TERRIFIC TORNADO IN THE MISSISSIPPI SOUND.—FOURTEEN LIVES LOST.—SIX INJURED.—DROWNED.—The great tornado on Tuesday evening was most severely felt in the Mississippi Sound. A number of pleasure boats were upset and their occupants were all subjected to great risks. The propeller Sarah was caught in the tornado. Mr. Gallahan, clerk of the boat, was standing at the door-way leading to the cabin when the danger became imminent. He was, when last heard of, assuring the ladies that there was no danger. The terrible gust that swept the cabin and upper works from the steamer carried Mr. Gallahan with them. When the cabin went by the board, and the human beings on the upper deck went with it, the dismay, so natural in such an event, that prevailed among the other passengers, was controlled and suppressed by the coolness, the judgment, and the skill of the officers of the boat. Among the lost were George Jones, pilot; George Mettee, steersman; James Gallahan, clerk; Mrs. General O'Ferral; Miss Virginia Tibbets, and an old lady who came over with her son at the college. There was also a Frenchman lost. The steward went overboard and was picked up afterwards by a boat from the wreck of the Sarah, after remaining several hours in the water floating on part of the wreck of the cabin. The books and papers of the boat were lost. In addition to the losses of life above given, we know of the loss of a yacht containing seven persons, six of whom, all ladies, were lost. The disaster occurred about three miles from Pascagoula.

Thad. Stevens talks of "mild confiscation"—we suppose he would save "gentle hanging."

The Battle of Shiloh—Why it was Delayed.

"Mack," the correspondent of the *Cincinnati Commercial*, has met in Nashville Colonel Morgan, who represents himself as, during the war, a prominent officer of the Confederate secret service, and from whom he gets the following cause of General Johnston's delay in bringing on the battle of Shiloh:

When General A. S. Johnson was forced to evacuate Nashville, and was about to concentrate for the battle of Shiloh, he sent Colonel Morgan to Huntsville to watch the movements of Buell, and to let him know in time so that he could strike Grant before Buell joined him. A few days before the battle of Shiloh, Morgan telegraphed to Johnston at Corinth that Buell had crossed the river with 38,490 men; that he had lost 400 men by sickness and exposure on the succeeding twenty miles' march, and that he would reach Pittsburg Landing at furthest on Saturday night. He concluded the dispatch by urging Johnston to fight on Friday or Saturday.

Johnston replied: "Your dispatch has been received; and your suggestion will be complied with." But what may be termed an accident, prevented the carrying out of this plan, and saved Grant's army. There was a large open march between Corinth and the Federal position. The short-cut way to the intended battle-field lay through the marsh. The engineers of the rebel army, after a careful survey, reported that the artillery could be hauled across this route; but after the first division had gone through, the roads were so badly cut up as to be impossible for the rest. Another road had to be selected, and the march of the entire army had to be changed. This delayed matters so much that the rebels were not ready to open the battle until Sunday morning, which, though a little too early for our side proved quite too late for them. There has been various statements of the cause of Sidney Johnston's failure to attack Grant before Sunday morning, but I am convinced the one I have just given is correct.

A NEW WAY TO MEET A COMPETITOR.—Downlow has issued a long and characteristic address to the voters of Tennessee. He defines meeting his competitor, Etheridge, on the stump, and declares his intention to send a body of State troops to all points where Etheridge may speak, in order to overawe him. He says:

Wherever these violent speeches are made, influencing the bad passions of bad men, I deem it my duty to station troops, and shall do so, let the consequences be what they may. And although the greatest imaginable freedom of the press and of speech should be allowed to men of all parties, and the conduct of public men and their measures should be criticised without reserve, I do not conceive it to be the duty of the State guards to stand quietly by and hear any man exhort the mob spirit by denouncing the Federal and State Governments, resistance to the courts and the setting aside of their decisions by force or mob violence.

The accusation about the courts and mob violence, of course are all bosh.

THE NEW YORK RIOTS.—It will be remembered with what care were smothered all circumstantial reports of the riots of 1863 in New York city. We have never seen an admission of their extent or of the bloodshed which resulted, until Tuesday, when the *Times*, in relating the grounds for the suspicion of another general disturbance, makes the following statement:

"It may be well in this connection to give a few figures relating to the fatal casualties occurring during the riots of 1863. The police have ascertained beyond any doubt, that there were eleven hundred and fifty-five persons killed or died from wounds received during the 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th of July, 1863. Of these there were twenty-five soldiers, policemen or negroes killed, leaving the number of rioters who met their deaths from wounds received, eleven hundred and thirty. It will be well, also, for those connected with this movement in any way to remember that none of the military organizations of the city, all of which are at the disposal of the public authorities in case of necessity, are now absent, as they were in 1863."

THE NASHVILLE GAZETTE.—Our clever contemporary of the Nashville *Gazette* seems to be enjoying himself notwithstanding the rather unpromising prospect in Tennessee. In his last, he says:

We understand that the anteater of Tennessee contemplates organizing a navy, to co-operate with his land forces. Two old steamers are to be iron-clad, for service in the Cumberland water—one will cruise in the upper Cumberland, and the other will keep the defiant rebels at Fort Donelson from the polls.

Courting is an irregular active transitive verb indicative mood, present tense, third person, singular number, and agrees with all the girls—don't it?

Terrific Fight in a Ball Room.

NINE OUT OF ELEVEN MEN KILLED, OR MORTALLY WOUNDED.

At a recent ball, at Roseburg, Oregon, all went on in peace and quietness until Sol. Colver, John Fitzgough, Bob Forbes, John Hannon and Abe Crow came there, it is said, to break up the ball. When they entered the ball room they had a few words, when George Bennett struck Sol. Colver in the face with a revolver. Bennett then stepped up to them for the purpose of stopping the fight, when John Fitzgough drew a derringer and shot him through the heart, after which he never spoke. Ash Clayton, who was fighting at the time, then drew a knife and stabbed Sol. Colver in the small of the back, under the right shoulder. Abe Crow then rushed in and shot Clayton through the thigh, and another ball struck him on the forehead, the ball not entering the skull, but passing over it, under the skin, and passing out at the back of the head. Crow then drew his knife, and struck Clayton across the head, inflicting a terrible wound. Fitzgough, after shooting Bennett, rushed on to Tom Thompson, when the latter shot him in the stomach, the ball passing through him, when Thompson then rushed into the fight, the ball entering the right side, ranging back, striking the back bone and breaking the back, then glanced to the right going down the hip. After the shooting was all over, Bob Woodruff went into the melee, when some man struck him over the head with a revolver, and laid him out for dead. By Smith also came in flourishing a revolver, when Fitzgough, who was thought to be dead, or at least dying, raised himself, and with his bowie-knife stabbed By Smith, inflicting a dangerous wound. Out of the eleven men who were engaged in the fight, nine lay dead or mortally wounded, on the ball room floor.

MEETING OF PROTECTIONISTS IN NEW YORK.—Gov. FREDERICK MARKS, a meeting of the friends of protection to American industry was held on Wednesday, at the Astor House, New York. Peter Cooper presided. Representatives from Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Vermont, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, Georgia, Tennessee, Illinois, Michigan and other States announced their names. Resolutions expressing the views of the meeting were adopted unanimously.

Gov. Pierpont, of Virginia, on presenting his name, said: Mr. President and gentlemen: I received your invitation to this meeting some days ago. I promised myself the honor to attend it. I represent a very large company manufacturing sentiment to protect American industry in Virginia. (Applause.) And I am glad to inform you that the company is on the increase, and that we number many who formerly enlisted under the banners of free trade. We have many interests in Virginia, and they must be protected, and already many are beginning to look around them to see if they can find a market nearer home for their wheat and their corn, and they find that they can do it only by erecting the rolling mill and the furnace, and the development of those great interests to protect which you have met here to-day. I assure you gentlemen that this company is on the increase in West Virginia. (Applause.)

LAWLESSNESS IN NORTH CAROLINA.—Lawless violence and stealing in a high degree continues to stalk with defiant spirit in New Hanover County, Virginia, and crime of the worst character still goes on in the face of civil and military law, and the farmers in the country especially are subjected to all manner of evil and robberies of this sort. On Friday night last one of our most estimable citizens, Joel Hines, Esq., living at Spring Garden, fourteen miles from this city, had his finest horse, bridle and saddle stolen from him. No clue has yet been had of the thief, but the tracks of the horse have gone in the direction of Jones, Onslow and Lenoir counties. It is evident that these regulars, who seem to be strongest in these and adjoining counties, have not ceased their operations in New Hanover, and no doubt they still have accomplices in this county, and perhaps in this very city. Not only do our farmers find it difficult to raise and keep stock, on account of thieves all around them, but in this busy season, when horses and mules are so scarce and so much in demand, they are in constant danger of having them stolen. The farmers are in constant dread that attacks will be made upon their stables and it is high time that more efficient means were devised if possible, to rid the community of these worse than vandals. What is to be done?—*Winnington Journal*, May 11.

TO PROTECT SHEEP FROM DOGS.—If sheep are kept in the same lot with cows or fat cattle, no dog will disturb them. As soon as the dogs approach the sheep, they run to the cattle, who drive off the dogs. A farmer for thirty years in Shelby County, by adopting this plan, never lost a sheep by dogs, although in the same night the same dogs killed sheep in the farms North and South of him.—*Rural Gentleman*.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—A correspondent of the London Buller re-

marks:

"Some years ago I read in a French scientific periodical that chloride of lime would rid a house of vermin. I treasured up the information until an opportunity offered for testing its value. I took an old country house, infested with rats, mice and flies. I stuffed every rat hole and mouse hole with the chloride, I threw it on the stone floor of the dairy and cellars. I kept saucers of it under chest of drawers, or some other piece of furniture; in every nursery, bed or dressing room. An ornamental glass held a quantity at the foot of each staircase. Cow sheds, stable and pigsties, all had their dose, and the result was glorious. I thoroughly routed my enemies, and if the rats, more impudent than all the rest, did make renewed attacks upon the dairy, in about ten months, when, probably, from repeated cleansing, flushing, all traces of fresh vermin again routed them and left no master of any own premises. Last season was a great one for wasps. They could not face the chloride, though in the dining room, in which we had none, (as its smell, to me most wholesome and refreshing, is not approved of by all persons,) we had a perpetual warfare. And all this comfort for eight pence! Only let housewives beware that they place not the chloride in their china pantries, or too close proximity to bright steel wares, or the result will be that their gilded china will be reduced to plain, and their steel fenders to rusty iron, in a short time."

"We advise a trial of the chloride of lime for the 'vermin' that infest the grape vines; those pests, the rose bugs; and also the squash bugs, and the cucumber bugs, and, indeed, for all the bug family, so well known to farmers."

WHITE FARMING IN GEORGIA.—The West Georgia *Gazette*, at Talbotton, scents as ridiculous nonsense, the twaddle about the white man being unable to stand the continuous labor necessary to make cotton; or in fact, if his physical organization permitting him to labor with safety in the sun of this climate, as if he had not been "standing" for more than a century past.

The *Georgian* gives the following illustration to the contrary:

The best crop of corn and cotton we saw last year, and conceded by all who saw it to be the best in Middle Georgia—was made on the plantation of Lewis Deacham, of Laurens county, Ga., by his four sons, assisted three months of the time by a negro man. Mr. Deacham is over sixty years of age, and only did the managing—took short cuts, as he said, that the boys couldn't see. The products of this farm, half of it upland, was ten bales of cotton, fifteen hundred bushels of corn, and sixteen stacks of fodder, besides a large crop of cane and potatoes.

Now here was continuous labor by four white youths, and the result quite satisfactory. Mr. Deacham is a very successful farmer, understands manuring, and half of his crop was hockmaddock, though it is proper to say his upland corn was the best, owing to the heavy spring rains which damaged his "stand" in the bottoms. But the secret of his making such splendid crops is, good management and the "continuous labor" of his worthy sons.

CORN.—According to chemical analyses, which vary considerably, corn contains in 100 pounds, from 10 1/2 to 12 1/2 pounds of nitrogen, called also gluten, albumen, and casein; it is the musciform property, which supports men and animals under hard labor. Lean meat and cheese are composed mostly of this property.

Corn varies very much. Snapping corn contains a very large portion of it or fat, and Tuscany and Calico corn, and some other varieties are composed almost wholly of starch. Most kinds of corn contain a large amount of oil, and are better for fattening animals than for sustaining them under hard labor. Wheat and oats contain more nitrogen, or musciform properties than corn. When at hard labor a man must eat more Indian bread than wheat bread, to sustain him, or replenish the muscles as they are worn away by exercise.

We have no account of the per centage of nitrogen in cobs, but it is evident that they contain nutriment, from an old lady's keeping her cow in good condition principally on boiled cobs, to say nothing of the production of alcohol from them.

Although corn does not contain as much nitrogen as wheat, yet for persons not laboring very hard it contains enough. Wheat or fine flour is too nutritious, or containing too much gluten for persons of sedentary habit, hence arises dyspepsia, constipation, and a host of evils follow in their train, among which is laziness, a mortal enemy to health and comfort.—*Boston Cultivator*.

A CAUTION.—We learn that several letters, containing money and money drafts, have been rifled of their contents, lately between here and Charleston. Our citizens would do well to enclose in letters through the mail only drafts payable to some one's order in the city, and have this arrangement well understood at the other end of the line before forwarding.

[Orangeburg Times.